Creep by the_ghostwriter96

Category: Danny Phantom
Genre: M/M, and Danny feeling unwanted and ignored, and Vlad knows he feels that way, like a predator, the whole thing is just manipulation, vlad is a creep
Characters: Danny Fenton, Jack Fenton, Jazz Fenton, Maddie Fenton, Vlad Masters
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-05-11
Updated: 2018-05-11
Packaged: 2022-12-15 22:54:28
Rating: Mature
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 3,204
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Story URL: https://archiveofourown.org/works/14617020
Author URL: https://archiveofourown.org/users/the_ghostwriter96/pseuds/the_ghostwriter96
Summary:

Non-ghost AU, Vlad is mayor of Amity Park and a family friend of the Fenton's.

Danny's parents leave him in the care of Vlad for a weekend, while they take Jazz to look at colleges. They never notice the way that Vlad looks at Danny, but Danny noticed.

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters
Comments: 18
Kudos: 313

Creep

Sometimes Danny wondered what kind of stars aligned just right for his parent's old college-buddy to have become the mayor of Amity park. His dad adored this man, idolized him in a way that sometimes made Danny cringe. Jack thought that Mr. Masters was this great, incredible person. That everything he did was something amazing and Danny just didn't get it. He was friendly enough with Danny's mom... but with Jack? Not so much. He was distant, aloof, even downright rude sometimes but Jack didn't see any of it. And Maddie didn't either! It was like they were both just completely oblivious to anything negative about him.

They didn't notice the way that he looked at Danny, either. Danny noticed; he noticed the lingering, heavy gaze that was often sent in his direction when his parents had their friend over, or they all went out somewhere. The kind of look that Danny had never gotten before, not from anyone, and it made his face feel warm and his stomach feel queasy in a way that despite what it seemed like, wasn't entirely unpleasant. Even if he was uncomfortable, too. The way that his sapphire-blue eyes moved up and down his body, even when he was just wearing jeans and a t-shirt. He also noticed the way that Mr. Master's hand would sometimes rest on his shoulder for too long, or squeeze just a little more than necessary. And once, as they were leaving a restaurant and Danny fell behind, the man had nudged him along with his arm behind his back, and his hand on Danny's waist.

Things that didn't have to mean something, but Danny was sure that they did. Not even Jazz noticed- and speaking of Jazz, he didn't understand why Mr. Masters looked at *him* that way. Jazz was a girl, she was older, she was more mature and sometimes she and the older man had these deep conversations about psychology, or the books they were reading in her advanced English class, and when Danny's family and Mr. Masters saw a movie together they always had lively discussions about it afterwards.

He and Danny didn't. All they ever talked about was videogames that Danny liked, or movies that Danny liked that Masters had never seen, or cartoons Danny liked that the other had never seen. Once, though,

late at night Danny had been sitting on the front steps playing his DSi when Masters left the house to go back home. He'd paused, looking at Danny in that *way* that he looked at him, and then he asked what Danny wanted to be when he grew up. It was something adults asked all the time, nothing unusual, but when Danny told him he wanted to be an astronaut-

Vlad had smiled and reached down and touched his hair. Not ruffled it, the way that people bigger than him often did, but ran his fingers through it, pushing it back from his face. And then he'd left, and Danny had felt that queasy feeling again, but he'd also felt *excited* in a weird way that he was too afraid to really examine.

And now, Danny's parents had dropped him off at Vlad's for a weekend while they drove around the states taking Jazz to look at colleges. To some tours or something, leaving Danny behind because one day "It would be his turn" and they didn't want to ruin the experience for him. A lame excuse, in his opinion. Just some way to brush off the fact that they didn't want him there. And so they had left him in Masters' care, with a backpack of clothes and his toothbrush and a hairbrush, and his DSi and cellphone. And somehow, when Maddie had brought him into the entryway, she had been completely oblivious to *that look*. It was predatory, it was impatient, it was *scary* and that nervous, queasy, excited feeling started in Danny's gut immediately, and hadn't gone away since.

They sat at the long dining room table later, eating a dinner of some kind of sandwich with fancy meat and condiments that were brands he'd never even seen in the store, and fruit salad. Masters had taken the seat next to his, the one at the head of the table, rather than sitting across from him. He was more interested in the fruit, than the sandwich with meat that was a little too salty. Honeydew, watermelon, strawberries and grapes. He ate the grapes first, picking through the fruit to stab into them with his fork. And then he ate the watermelon, and skipped the honeydew because he had never tried it before and didn't really care to start now. He didn't care if it was rude, either, to not eat everything he'd been served.

Then he picked out the strawberries with his fingers, because they were too heavy and kept sliding off his fork. But as he brought one to his lips, he glanced over and found *that look* again. Only it wasn't

meeting his eyes or scrutinizing his body. It was focused intently on his lips, and the strawberry he had wrapped them around the tip of, and god that feeling was there again but even stronger than before. Danny didn't know, would *never* know what drove him to do it, but he did it still; he parted his lips, pushing the strawberry further into his mouth before sinking his teeth into it slowly, watching for Master's reaction and there was one.

Masters had stilled completely, even his chest had stopped moving beneath his suit, and his eyes were on the dribble of strawberry-juice that dripped from the corner of Danny's lips and down his chin. Then, blue eyes flicked up, catching his and Danny's widened like he'd been caught, and hadn't he? For a moment, the older man didn't do anything, he just looked at Danny in that heated way. And then his eyelids fell slightly, hooding his eyes as he reached out and caught Danny's face with his fingers beneath his chin. His thumb stroked across his skin, nail grazing Danny's lower-lip as the man gathered the spilled juice and then-

And then brought his thumb to his own mouth, and licked the juice from it and Danny felt warm all over. He tore his eyes away, tense and uncomfortable and *scared*, because that was too much, that was too far, that wasn't innocent at all was it? And couldn't be brushed off as maybe-just-innocent, either, like he brushed off the rest. But also giddy with an excitement he had only felt with his friends, sometimes. When he first woke up from a sleepover and he'd been entangled with Tucker, body's pressed close, or when Sam had leaned in, touching his leg to kiss him on the cheek. Only this time, there was anticipation, too. Waiting, expectant, scared and also hopeful (was that as sick as he felt like it was?) that there would be more of this, that it would continue.

No one looked at him like this. No one touched him with the kind of touches that Masters did, heavy even when they were light, and with skin that burned his even through his clothes. (Even now, where he had touched Danny's face was tingly and hot.) People barely looked at him at all. His parents were always busy with Jazz, with her advanced classes and college-stuff and her maturity. They treated her like an adult, even though she wasn't. Like she was a friend as well as their daughter- and Danny was just the younger, troublesome kid that

didn't do well in school and didn't always remember to do his chores, and got in trouble for cheating once and a couple of times for fighting with Dash.

They barely paid attention to him unless it was to tell him they were disappointed in him for something he did wrong or to compare him to Jazz. So now, someone *was* paying attention to him. A new kind of attention, one that he wasn't used to, but it felt *good*. And it felt *good* that he didn't look at Jazz the same way, or Maddie *anyone* that Danny had ever seen. It was just him, only him, and it felt *good* as much as it was scary.

He knew that it was wrong, to enjoy it like he did. That Masters was older. He had grey hair, for crying out loud! He was as old as Danny's parents and it was wrong, *Masters* was wrong, it was sick and oh god, if Danny's parents knew… but they didn't. They never noticed, because they barely noticed anything about him at all. Not what games he played, or else they wouldn't let him play them- they were violent, and bloody with drugs and drinking and sex- or the way he struggled to do his homework until he just gave up and wound up with a failing grade despite trying his best.

But Masters noticed those things. He asked Danny about his games, and didn't rat him out even when he saw Danny's character was at a strip club. And once, he showed Danny an easier way to solve a math problem, and Danny had gotten a B instead of a C or a D.

"Mr. Masters," Danny's voice was small, and he fidgeted his hands in his lap, food abandoned for his nerves. He couldn't eat with that feeling in his stomach.

"Yes, Little Badger?" And that was something that only Masters called him, and nobody else. It was personal, something only between them and he felt even warmer, at that thought.

"Will you watch a movie with me?" It was an excuse, clear as day; he just didn't want Vlad to go away. To leave him alone. Keeping his eyes on his plate, he wondered if, after what had just happened if Masters would take it to mean he was asking for something else. He wasn't- or, well, he didn't *think* he was. He just wanted… for the man to pay attention to him. To sit with him, and talk about the movie

with him like he sometimes talked to Jazz, like Danny wasn't just some annoying kid.

"Of course." There was nothing in the man's tone to indicate that anything unusual had occurred, or that he thought Danny was implying something else. ('Something else' that the younger of the two refused to put into words, even in his own head.) "I've purchased a few that I thought you might enjoy. About space, various genres,"

Danny looked at him, beaming and feeling giddy and excited in a different way. Not so scared, anymore, not so nervous. Masters had picked out movies for Danny. That he thought Danny would like, and they were about *space* because Danny wanted to be an astronaut. Masters remembered that brief conversation that had happened so many months ago. He thought about Danny enough to think about what kind of movies he might like.

"Really?" He asked, and Masters smiled at him in a way that he wasn't used to seeing on the man's face. It was usually a polite, tight-lipped smile, or a smirk, and he'd even seen him sneer (mainly at Jack). But this was a smile, gentle and genuine, and it made Danny's stomach flutter. "Thanks…" He mumbled, turning back to his plate as he felt his cheeks heating up. "You didn't have to buy anything for me."

"I wanted you to enjoy yourself." Masters said, and Danny thought about how when he went out with his family, it was always something family friendly, or something dramatic and stupid that Danny didn't care about but that Jazz always liked. They never considered what kind of movies Danny might want to see.

And so later, they sat on the couch, and maybe Danny had sat a little closer to him than he really needed to. Not close enough to touch, but close enough that he could feel the proximity of another body, so near his own. The movie played on the screen and they sat in the dark, with popcorn in a large bowl on the table and soda for Danny, and a bottle of what Danny assumed was some kind of beer for the other man. It looked like beer, just not any kind that he had seen his parents buy before, but that he had seen in Sam's fridge once. It must've been expensive, he figured, since Sam's parents and Masters both bought it and they were both rich.

On the TV-screen, an astronaut was stuck, trapped in space due to something or the other that Danny couldn't focus on. This was the kind of movie he'd *love*, if his mind wasn't so busy focusing on other things… like what Masters had done at dinner, with the strawberry juice, and the fact that Danny's bedroom was right across from the older man's, and the memory of Masters' fingers through his hair that one night, when he'd asked about Danny's ideal future-career. And all the times he'd touched Danny in some way. His shoulder, his back, his waist.

Then there was a hand, just above his knee, fingers wrapped around his thin leg and he swallowed thickly as that fear began to build up again. The anxiety, along with anticipation. Hopeful anticipation. He wanted Masters to look at him again, in that way, like he was something to look at but when he glanced over, the man's eyes were on the screen.

Danny's heart beat against his ribcage, violent and deafening and surely, Masters must hear it? But he didn't react, and Danny clenched his teeth, steeled himself and scooted over a little bit closer. He wasn't misreading things. He couldn't have been. Vlad was touching him, he was *always* touching him in some way, and the way that he *looked* at Danny- he couldn't be imagining things. He couldn't be reading into what wasn't there, because something *had* to be there.

He must have been right, anyway, because Masters had turned to look at him and didn't look surprised or confused at all, by Danny's moving closer. No, he just looked… hungry. Predatory. The way that he always did, when he looked at Danny. Suddenly, he felt the urge to scoot back away. What was he even doing? What did he even want to happen? He didn't know, he had no idea at all. He just knew he wanted more of *this*, of Masters wanting him as much as he seemed to want Danny. But at the same time, he was too scared to find out what was going to happen if he let it continue.

Or would it happen anyway, even if he didn't want it to? Even if he said no or moved away?

The hand on his leg moved, up, up, and then it was on his thigh, squeezing lightly. Danny looked down at the hand with fingers splayed over his jean-covered thigh. Long fingers, elegant fingers.

Graceful in the way that everything about Masters was. Confident, sure. His heart, oh his heart was beating so fast, and so hard, and he didn't know what to do. What he wanted, what he didn't want. He wanted to go home, but he didn't want to leave, either. He wished that his family had let him come, but at the same time, why? So they could ignore him and focus on Jazz the whole time? He'd just have wound up sulking, and ruining the trip for everyone.

And here, Masters *wanted* him here. Masters wanted him to enjoy himself. So much that he'd bought movies for him. Movies about space, because he knew Danny would like them.

"Mr. Masters," Danny's voice was higher than he'd have liked, when the hand on his leg moved up even higher, his little-finger brushing the space between his legs.

"Are you enjoying the movie, Daniel?" He asked, and there was another thing that nobody else really called him. Only one or two teachers, and Masters called him that. It was like another nickname, in that way, even if it was his actual name. Almost nobody called him that.

His breathing was shallow and fast, and he felt cold in weird places, like his palms and behind his ribs and his feet. He couldn't decide if that was because he was scared or not. If it was because he liked what was happening, or because he didn't. When he managed to answer the question, he was breathless. "Yeah." He could barely get it out, and it was shaky when he did.

"I'm enjoying your company. Are you enjoying mine?" The older man asked, and his fingers were rubbing lines into Danny's inner-thigh. "You can say no."

Danny wasn't stupid. He knew there was more to that question than just whether Danny liked having Masters around. He was asking if this was okay. He was asking if Danny was enjoying *this*; the fingers rubbing his leg. "I don't know." He replied, honestly. He had no idea. He was as scared as he was warm, and that warmth was going straight between his legs, so clearly he *was* enjoying it, right?

Masters turned on the couch, bringing one leg up so that he could

face Danny fully before leaning in. His lips touched Danny's temple, lightly and barely-there, but then Masters had pressed his face into Danny's hair and breathed in. Like Danny smelled good, or something, but he had just used regular shampoo that morning so he knew he probably just smelled like soap and sweat from the hot car ride over. Lips on his temple, again, a firmer pressure and he kept his eyes forward, on the movie, fighting the urge to move away because he wanted to, but he also *didn't* want to.

A hand gently turned his face, but he kept his eyes elsewhere as Masters kissed him on the forehead, and then at the corner of his nose, and then the corner of his lips and he finally turned his eyes to meet the older man's, and his breath caught in Danny's throat. They were so close, their lips only inches apart and Masters was just looking at him, with hooded eyes and fingertips stroking Danny's cheek and finally, Danny closed his eyes and he shifted enough to touch their lips together.

Masters kissed him lightly on the lips, brief and quick before pulling away just slightly and moving to push Danny's hair back from his face. "If you decide that you're *not* enjoying my company," He said it against Danny's lips. "It won't hurt my feelings if you say so." The vibrations from Masters' low, deep voice tickled, just a little. "That's all that you need to do."

A second passed, and then another and then a few, and finally, Danny nodded.

And then he was kissing Danny again, really kissing him, and the man made a sound like a groan. Like he had been holding back, like this is something he had been dying for and Danny knew that he wouldn't change his mind. Not when this felt so good, not when he knew someone wanted him *so much*.

Author's Note:

> Comments are life, thank you! Let me know what you think!